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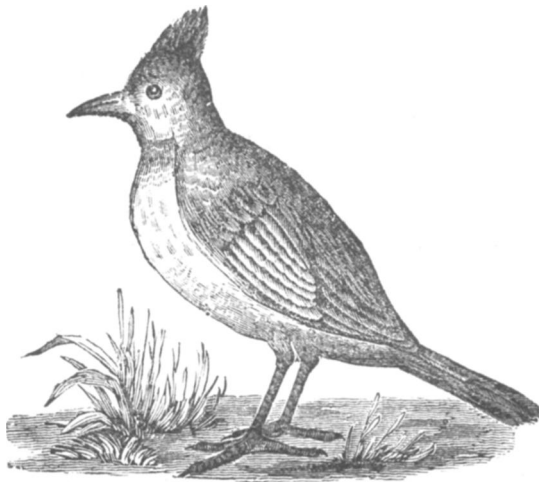
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We have glanced hastily over its contents, and have felt interested at the tabular view it gives of the genealogy of our blessed Saviour, and the index which accompanies it, and by the help of which the history of our Lord's progenitors, so far as given in the Scriptures, may be accurately traced. We have noticed some little omissions, the supply of which, in our opinion, would have rendered the Chart more satisfactory and complete, and which should be introduced into a second edition. We are, especially, surprised at the absence from the Chart, of the genealogy of the Virgin Mother of our Lord, as given by the Evangelist Luke, which, had it appeared in a parallel column, with the genealogy of Joseph, as given by St. Matthew, would have afforded the Biblical student a pleasing facility of comparison between the two, so as to mark the points of convergency about the times of Salathiel, and of ultimate union in the person of David. In the line of Thamar, too, the son of Aaron, we had expected to see some notice of his descendants, which would have strikingly exemplified the fulfilment of the Divine denunciation against the house of Eli. We conceive also, that had the texts of Scripture where each name is mentioned, been inserted in the body of the Chart, opposite the name of the party, instead of the index in the margin, it would have been a great improvement.



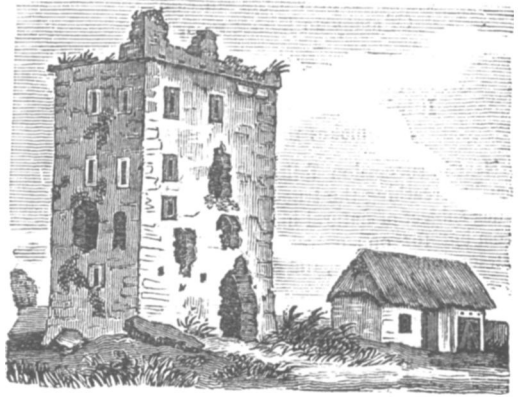
CURIOUS SPECIES OF LARK.

SIR—In a shooting excursion a few weeks ago, I killed, near Taney, a curious species of lark, of which the above is a sketch. The bird was about seven inches long, like the common lark (*alauda arvensis*) in its form; but differing from it in having a longitudinal crest, consisting of ten feathers, in the form of a truncated cone, reclining backwards. Its head and bill were rather large in proportion to its size. The latter was a horny-white, and slightly curved at the end. A band, darker than the colour of the breast, ran round the throat, and joined the rufous brown of its back. The general colour of its breast and belly was a dusky white, mottled with brown; the wing feather, edged with white, and rufous. Its tail was long, and consisted of twelve stiff feathers, edged with a whitish yellow. Its hind-toe and nail were remarkably long.

I searched the "Naturalist's Cabinet," and the "Zoological Journal," in vain, for a description of this little bird. When not looking for it, however, I accidentally met with one in Buffon. He describes it under the name of "*Le Cochevis ou la grosse alouette huppee*," as well as its specific designation of "*alauda cristata*." He mentions it as an inhabitant of Italy, France, Germany, Poland, and Scotland; but does not say that it is found in England or Ireland, yet I am convinced I have frequently met them in the furrows and meadows of Dublin.

W. R.

BARREN TOWN CASTLE, COUNTY OF WEXFORD.



The above is a view of the Castle of Barren Town, situated near the "Three Rocks" on which the rebel army encamped in the eventful year, '98. Inside the castle nothing is to be seen but the remains of a spiral (stone) staircase, by which it is not only difficult, but very unsafe, to climb up to the top. It is built on the lands of S. Jeffanes, Esq, who has within a comparatively short space of time reclaimed a great deal of the barren mountain of Forth. From the top of the castle may be seen the ancient tower of Fitzstephen; and it is thought by many, that the commanders of the two castles often made use of a species of telegraph, (now unknown,) to communicate with each other in time of siege or the like. P. M. O. Wexford.



RUINS OF ST. MARY'S PRIORY, MULLINGAR.

The above are part of the ruins of the Priory of St. Mary, or, as it was emphatically called by the religious of the olden time, "The House of God of Mullingar," as they appeared a few years since, before they were swept away to make room for the additions and improvements in the very handsome new church now on their site. The "House of God" was erected by Ralph de Petyt, Bishop of Meath, in the year 1227, for regular canons of the order of St. Augustine.

Mullingar is, perhaps, one of the most ancient towns in Ireland, pleasantly situated on the banks of the river Brosna, formerly called the Foyle, and "The Silver Arm," which, taking its rise in Lough Oull, or *rayle*, runs through the centre of the town, and into the beautiful lake called Lough Innuel; from whence it issues considerably enlarged, and after watering the better part of the King's County, falls into the Shannon, near Bannagher. The name Brosna signifies a bundle of rotten sticks for firewood. The town is about midway between the above-mentioned lakes; and the country around, for quiet beauty and harmonious loveliness, is equal to any thing of the kind in Ireland. At every mile you go, almost, you meet with one or two of those beautiful lakes, whose transparent waters sleep in unruffled calmness in their own sunny vallies, or reflect the majesty of their woody hills. Nor are scenes of noble sublimity wanting; and there is sel-

dom to be seen a view of more imposing and solemn grandeur, than that exhibited by Lough Derivaragh—now generally called Donore Lake—from the high-road leading from Mullingar to Castlepollard, a little beyond the splendid residences of Sir Rich. Levinge, and Mr. Gibbons of Black Castle. From its peculiar characteristic beauty, this tract of country was anciently called, "The Country of the Waters." Mullingar is the shire and assize town of the County of Westmeath. It is also a vicarage in the diocese of Meath; and formerly sent two members to the Irish Parliament. It was at a very early period in the hands of the English of the Pale, and gave the title of Baron to the very old and respectable family of Petyt. Besides the above "House of God," or Priory of St. Mary, it contained a very large Dominican Friary, a very small portion of the walls of which are still visible, in some gardens at the skirts of the town. This house was established in 1237, by the then very powerful and rich family of Nugent. There was also another religious house for friars of the order of St. Francis, founded here in 1622, by the rich brotherhood of the Franciscan Friary of Multiferham, about six miles to the north-west of the town. There was a castle belonging to the Petyts where the Gaol now stands, and a mill; from which latter, the town is supposed to derive its name—(*Mulleen Gear*, or, the little, short mill.) No traces of either are now visible.

Mullingar belongs to the Earl of Granard, and is a flourishing and prosperous town. The Royal Canal passes round two-thirds of it, and it has four fairs in the year. It also contains a very handsome Court-house, newly erected. It was at one time the greatest wool mart in Ireland, and is still famous for its horse fairs.

There are a great number of wild legends connected with this town and its neighbourhood; but the principal one, that of drowning old Mullingar by Lough Oriel, has already appeared in the first volume of your Journal, from the pen of the accomplished Terence O'Toole, the Tourist. There are few counties present such a variety of beautiful scenes or old ruins as Westmeath, or such matter of research and interest, both historical and legendary. The lover of the picturesque, and the antiquary, have "ample room" to exercise their talents and industry, or to please their tastes and gratify their fancies, among the romantic lakes, and the remains of former pride with which every little valley abounds; and if they are not gratified by visiting Athlone, Fore, Tyrrell's Pass, Multiferham, Rathconnell Pass, &c. &c., I only have to say, that they belong to the class of travellers who could walk from Dan to Beersheba, and say, "all is barren." J. L. L.

THE WEDDING DAY.

"Then neist outspak, a raucle carlin,
Wha kent fur weel to cleck the stirlin."—*Burns.*

The soft purple haze that succeeds the setting sun of a fine summer day, had diffused itself over the vallies, while the higher grounds yet retained the roseate hue of the glorious luminary; the latest notes of the black-bird were borne on the gale from a coppice, near which stood a cabin of rather better appearance than is usually seen in the more remote parts of Ireland—it could not with propriety be called a cottage, which name implies more of comfort, both internal and external, than the major number of the humble habitations of our father-land exhibit. But cabin or cottage, there it stood, its door open to admit the last rays of light; the floor was earthen—the furniture homely, —a clear turf fire, notwithstanding the season, burned on the hearth—the ashes had been swept up, and it gave it the full force of the idea expressed in the words of the poet—

"A blazing ingle, and a clear hearth-stane."

The furniture was arranged, the floor swept, a table covered with tea apparatus near the fire; an air of tidy comfort reigned through the whole. Two persons were in the house—one, an old woman, sat in the chimney-corner, at a spinning-wheel, with the usual accompaniment, a pipe in her mouth. The other was also a female, but considerably younger; she was a tall, graceful-looking figure, with tolerably regular features, enlivened by brilliant dark eyes, and a profusion of glossy brown hair,

fashionably dressed. Her apparel was plain, but put on with taste, she walked back and forward—now putting some article of furniture to rights—now settling up the fire—again, standing before a small looking-glass that hung against the wall, arranging a curl or placing a pin, with a glance of perfect satisfaction; then stepping to the door, would look intently in one direction for a few moments, return and throw herself into a chair, and again start up. Thus she continued for some time, and not a word was spoken: the old woman mechanically turned her wheel and sucked her pipe, glancing occasionally at her companion's movements. At length the silence was broken by the younger female, saying,

"Well, I wonder will he come to-night?"

The other was deaf, therefore did not hear what was said; the young woman continued—

"He promised—surely it can't be he'll break his word."

"What d'ye say, dear—what is it a lanna?" asked the old woman, perceiving the lips of the other move, though she heard not. Receiving no answer, she suspended the motion of her wheel, and said, speaking with the pipe in her mouth,

"Kitty, dear, what's over ye the night, ye're like one was in throuble or throughother?"

"I'm not in trouble then, nor throughother either, as cute as you think yourself," replied Kitty, and her eyes darkened with passion, as she added—"What's that to you what ails me? mind your work; I'm able to take care of myself."

"Sorra doubt iv that," responded the other, and began to ply her wheel.

In a short time the voice of some person singing, was heard approaching; presently an elderly female entered the house, singing

"There was a rigement of Irish Dragoons,
And they were quartered at Derby, O;
The Captain fell in love with a handsome maid,
And her name it was pretty Peggy, O."

At the last word, giving her fingers a snap, she said,

"God save all here but the—och, I need'nt say cat, for sorra one in it;" then drawing a stool near the old woman, she bawled in her ear.

"I'm proud to see ye well the night, Molly, goodness be thanked—hand us the pipe, avourneen; I'm lost entirely for a blast."

"Ye needn't bawl that away," replied Molly, sharply. "I'm not so hard ov hearin' all out, 'as people thinks, and she reached the pipe with a frown.

"Och, more power t'yer elbow, a colleen," returned the stranger. "I'm shure its not me ever sed the like iv ye, nor a word, dear—heaven forbid."

"It's little matter whether you did or not," interrupted Kitty; "but, Nelly, I thought you'd send him here to-night."

"Asy, dear, an' I'll tell ye all," replied Nelly, in a lower tone; "any way I'm proud to see ye have the tay wet, for I'm as dhry, as dhry, avourneen, as turf moul in June."

Kitty prepared to satisfy the wants of her guest, who drew her stool nearer the fire—stirred up the turf, and made it blaze more cheerfully. She was a small, thick set woman, of middle-age, with a broad face, and sinister looking dark eyes, and a habit she had of looking from under the lids, gave them even a more suspicious appearance; it is an old true remark, that the person who looks you not fairly in the face, is rather a dubious character. Nelly's black hair was cut straight across her forehead, above which appeared the border of her cap, the rest being all covered by a black silk handkerchief tied under her chin, a shabby though not patched cloak, covered her other garments, and she usually went barefooted. Nelly's occupations were multifarious; she was partly mendicant, fortune-teller, cup-tosser, match-maker, go-between; cured head-aches, with a charmed string, raised the palate of the mouth* by means of another charm, and numerous

* A swelling of the glands of the throat is thus termed by the ignorant.